

THE SENDING OF THIS SCRIPT DOES NOT CONSTITUTE AN OFFER OF  
A CONTRACT FOR ANY PART IN IT

Rehearsal Script  
BBC-1 Colour

Prog. Ident. No. 50/LDL 343K

Final Draft

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6W

'The Two Doctors'

by

Robert Holmes

EPISODE ONE

Producer .....	JOHN NATHAN-TURNER
Director .....	PETER MOFFATT
Designer .....	TONY BURROUGH
Script Editor .....	ERIC SAWARD
Production Associate .....	SUE ANSTRUTHER
Production Manager .....	GARY DOWNIE
A.F.M.s .....	ILSA ROWE
Production Assistant .....	PAT O'LEARY
Production Secretary .....	SARAH LEE
Costume Designer .....	JAN WRIGHT
Make-Up Artist .....	STEVE DREWETT
Visual Effects Designer .....	
Lighting Director .....	DON BABBAGE
Technical Co-ordinator .....	ALAN ARBUTHNOT
Sound Supervisor .....	KEITH BOWDEN
Video Effects .....	DAVE CHAPMAN
Music by .....	PETER HOWELL
Special Sound .....	DICK MILLS

FILM REH: 4th & 5th August 1984.

Travel to Spain 9th August 1984

FILMING: 10th to 19th August 1984 (14th August - Free Day)

Travel back from Spain 20th August 1984

OUTSIDE REHEARSAL: 22nd August - 26th September 1984

CAMERA REHEARSAL & RECORDING: Studio: 30/31 August 1984  
Rehearse 13/14 September 1984  
27/28 September 1984

TRANSMISSION: TBA

"DOCTOR WHO" SERIAL 6W 'The Two Doctors' EPISODE ONE

CAST:

THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
THE DOCTOR (TROUGHTON)  
PERI  
JAMIE  
DASTARI  
SHOCKEYE O' THE QUAWNCING GRIG  
CHESSENE  
OSCAR BOTCHERBY  
ANITA  
SCIENTIST  
COMPUTER VOICE  
DEAD ANDROGUM  
DONA ARANA  
VARL  
WATCHER

\* \* \* \* \*

SETS:

Tardis Console Room  
Kitchen Area  
Computer Room  
Dastari's Office  
Passage (s)  
Infrastructure  
Kitchen - Hacienda  
Hallway - Hacienda

\* \* \* \* \*

TELECINE:

Ext. River Bank. Day  
Ext. Hacienda and Grounds. Day

\* \* \* \* \*

MODEL:

Ext. Space Station. Deep Space

\* \* \* \* \*

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6W

'The Two Doctors'

by

Robert Holmes

EPISODE ONE

SUPPOSE CAM

Opening  
Titles:

TELECINE 1:

Ext. Deep Space.  
(model shot)

The station hangs motionless in space. It is a forest of cubes, like office blocks, linked at top, centre and bottom by service shafts and walkways. Yellow light spears into the blackness from its many observation bays and docking ports.

- 1/2 -

ESTABLISH then  
TRACK towards  
the station.

END TELECINE 1.

1. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

(JAMIE GAZES AT  
THE STATION ON  
THE MONITOR.

THE DOCTOR  
(TROUGHTON)  
JOINS HIM.

THEY EXCHANGE A  
GLANCE)

JAMIE: Just a wee laboratory,  
eh?

THE DOCTOR: Obviously it's  
grown.

JAMIE: It's like twenty  
castles in the sky. Are you  
sure it's the right place?

THE DOCTOR: Of course I'm sure.

JAMIE: I mean we don't usually  
get where you say we're going.

THE DOCTOR: I got Victoria to  
where she wanted to go. Although  
why she wants to learn graphology,  
I've no idea.

JAMIE: Aye, but will we ever  
get back to her?

THE DOCTOR: Well of course we  
shall.

-1/4 -

JAMIE: That I'll believe when it happens.

THE DOCTOR: At the moment you have other things to concern you. Look at that.

(HE POINTS AT A  
PERSPEX DOME ON  
THE CONSOLE)

JAMIE: I've not seen that before.

THE DOCTOR: It's not been there before. It's a teleport control. You'd think I'd never flown a Tardis solo!

JAMIE: What's it for?

THE DOCTOR: It gives the Time Lords dual control. Infernal cheek! I shall complain when this is over.

(HE MOVES A LEVER)

We'll just dematerialise to avoid their detection beams and slip in quietly.

JAMIE: I thought you said they were friendly?

THE DOCTOR: Friendly? They'll probably be overpoweringly effusive.

JAMIE: Then why -

THE DOCTOR: Jamie, you must understand that some of the most brilliant scientists in the universe have assembled here to work together in pure research. I don't want them to know I've arrived.

JAMIE: Why not?

THE DOCTOR: Think of the commotion. They'd all be scrambling round, wanting my autograph. No, no, I just want a quiet word with old Dastari, the Head of Projects.

(THERE IS A SLIGHT JERK AS THE TARDIS MATERIALISES.)

THE DOCTOR SWITCHES OFF THE COLUMN)

Splendid! We've hit conterminous time again. Follow me.

JAMIE: Aye, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Wait. We'd better take the recall disc.

(HE OPENS THE TELEPORT CONTROL AND REMOVES A SMALL BLACK BUTTON ON A STALK.)

HE PLACES IT THROUGH HIS BUTTON HOLE)

Now stay with me, Jamie, and don't go wandering off.

JAMIE: Do I ever?

- 1/6 -

THE DOCTOR: It's not unknown.  
And let me do the talking. All  
you have to do is stand quietly  
in the background and admire  
my diplomatic skills. Understood?

2. INT. KITCHEN AREA.

(SHOCKEYE HAS BEEN  
PREPARING A JOINT  
WITH A LARDING  
NEEDLE.

NOW HIS PORCINE  
EYES ARE FIXED  
ON THE TARDIS.

SHOCKEYE IS AN  
ANDROGUM - A  
MASSIVE HUMANOID  
WITH A THICK  
RUGOSE HIDE  
BLOTCHED WITH  
THE WARTY  
EXCRESENCES  
COMMON IN  
DENIZENS OF  
HIGH RADIATION  
PLANETS.

THE DOCTOR AND  
JAMIE STEP FROM  
THE TARDIS)

SHOCKEYE: How dare you transmat  
that - that object into my kitchens!

THE DOCTOR: And how dare you have  
the impertinence to address me like  
that!

(SHOCKEYE SNATCHES  
UP A CLEAVER)

SHOCKEYE: I am Shockeye o' the  
Quawncing Grig!

THE DOCTOR: I'm not interested in the pedigree of an Androgum. I am a Time Lord.

SHOCKEYE: Oh ... My humblest apologies. I should have realised. But this one with you?

THE DOCTOR: He is from the planet Earth. A human.

SHOCKEYE: Ah - a Tellurian. I have not seen one of these before. Is it a gift for Dastari?

THE DOCTOR: A gift?

SHOCKEYE: Such a soft white skin, whispering of a tender succulence. But Dastari will not appreciate its quality you know. He has no sensual refinement. Let me buy it from you.

THE DOCTOR: My companion is not for sale.

SHOCKEYE: I promise you, lord, no chef in the nine planets would do more to bring out the flavour of the beast.

THE DOCTOR: Just get on with your butchery.

(HE LEADS JAMIE OUT.

SHOCKEYE STARES AFTER THEM GREEDILY.

HE WHISPERS)

- 1/9 -

SHOCKEYE: I can taste that  
flesh ...

(AND HE SMACKS  
HIS CLEAVER  
INTO THE JOINT)

3. INT. PASSAGE.

JAMIE: Who was that?

THE DOCTOR: Shockeye o' the Quawncing Grig. So he said.

JAMIE: Aye, but -

THE DOCTOR: He's an Androgum. The Androgums are the servitors here. They do all the Station maintenance.

JAMIE: A scullion?

THE DOCTOR: With a high opinion of himself, of course. Chefs usually have.

(O.S. THE  
TARDIS NOISE.

JAMIE CHECKS)

JAMIE: Doctor - the Tardis!

THE DOCTOR: (NODS) The teleport control. The Time Lords are really taking these people seriously.

4. INT. KITCHEN AREA.

(THE STATION  
CHATELAINE, CHESSENE,  
IS WITH SHOCKEYE.

THEY WATCH THE  
TARDIS VANISH)

CHESSENE: Our allies won't care  
for that. I'd promised the  
Group Marshal he could have  
the Time Lord's machine.

SHOCKEYE: Will it make any  
difference?

CHESSENE: Not to me. I still have  
the Kartz-Reimer module. But it  
shows the Gallifreyans are  
suspicious so I was right to lay  
the plans I did.

(SHE IS AN  
ANDROGUM-T.A.

(TECHNOLOGICALLY  
AUGMENTED) AND, APART  
FROM HER HEAVY  
BROW BRIDGE, SHOWS  
FEW OF HER RACIAL  
CHARACTERISTICS.

SHE IS, IN FACT,  
ALMOST HANDSOME)

SHOCKEYE: So now we wait.

CHESSENE: Not for long. Strike  
is moving.

- 1/12 -

SHOCKEYE: Already? The calgesic won't have affected them yet.

CHESENNE: It will by the time his forces arrive.

SHOCKEYE: Did they enjoy the meal?

CHESENNE: Dastari said you had surpassed yourself.

SHOCKEYE: Being unable to taste it I worried that it might be over-seasoned.

CHESENNE: Shockeye, their last supper would have added lustre to your reputation - except that they won't live to remember it.

5. INT. DASTARI'S STUDY.

DASTARI: I remember it very clearly, Doctor - you came to our Inauguration bearing fraternal greetings from Gallifrey.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, that was before I fell from favour. I'm a bit of an exile these days.

DASTARI: I heard something about that. But you still act on Their instructions?

THE DOCTOR: It's the price I pay for my freedom.

DASTARI: Needless to say, we've had no support at all from your people.

THE DOCTOR: Dastari, you can never have expected help from the Time Lords. Their policy is one of strict neutrality.

DASTARI: Nonetheless, there has been widespread disappointment among the other Third Zone governments.

THE DOCTOR: Don't chide me, Dastari. I'm simply a messenger. Officially I'm here quite unofficially.

DASTARI: You'll explain that paradox, I know.

THE DOCTOR: I'm a pariah, outlawed from Time Lord society. So they can always deny that they sent me.

DASTARI: And why have they sent you?

THE DOCTOR: They have been monitoring the experiments in time travel of Professors Kartz and Reimer. They want them stopped.

DASTARI: I see. And how do the Time Lords equate that with a policy of complete neutrality.

THE DOCTOR: They don't have to. As I said, I have no official existence so they can always deny sending me.

DASTARI: Typical hypocrisy.

(A BUZZER.

THE OUTER DOOR  
SLIDES OPEN.

CHESSENE IS  
THERE)

Yes, Chessene?

CHESSENE: (EYEING DOCTOR) I wondered if your guests require refreshments, Professor?

JAMIE: Ah, well -

THE DOCTOR: Thank you but we've already eaten.

JAMIE: That was yesterday.

THE DOCTOR: One meal a day is entirely adequate.

DASTARI: You're sure? Thank you, Chessene.

CHESSENE: Very good, Professor.

(THE DOOR CLOSES)

DASTARI: Well, Doctor, what did you make of our chatelaine?

THE DOCTOR: Is she an Androgum?

DASTARI: She was. Now she is an Androgum-T.A. Technologically augmented.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, one of your biological experiments.

DASTARI: I've carried out nine augmentations on Chessene. She's at mega-genius level now. I'm very proud of her.

THE DOCTOR: Proud of her or your own skills?

DASTARI: Perhaps a little of both. But all that Androgum energy is now functioning on a higher plane. She spends days in the data banks simply sucking in knowledge.

THE DOCTOR: She remains an Androgum. You can't change nature.

DASTARI: In Chessene's case I believe I have.

THE DOCTOR: Dangerous ground, Dastari. Give an ape control of its environment and it will fill the world with bananas.

(DASTARI STIFLES  
A YAWN)

DASTARI: Really, Doctor! I expected something more progressive from you. Don't you understand the tremendous implication of my work?

THE DOCTOR: That's why I say it's dangerous.

DASTARI: Doctor, our races have become tired and effete. Our seed is thin. We must hand the baton of progress to others. If I can raise the Androgums to a higher plane of consciousness there's no limit to what that boiling energy might achieve.

THE DOCTOR: Dastari, I've no doubt you could augment an insect to a point where it understood nuclear physics. It would still not be a sensible thing to do.

6. INT. COMPUTER ROOM.

(THE WATCHER AT  
THE MAIN CONSOLE  
IS FIGHTING  
DROWSINESS.

HIS BRAIN MONITOR,  
SPROUTING FROM  
HIS CHAIR LIKE  
A LADIES HAIR-DRYER  
AND CAPPING HIS  
SKULL, DETECTS  
THE PATTERN OF  
BRAINWAVES SETTLING  
INTO SOMNOLENCE.

AFTER A FEW  
SECONDS DURING  
WHICH THE WATCHER'S  
EYES CLOSE AND  
HIS BRAIN SCAN  
TURNS ON THE SCREEN  
INTO A SLOW, REGULAR  
PULSE, THE BRAIN  
MONITOR SCREAMS  
HIM BACK TO  
ALERTNESS.

BEHIND HIM  
CHESSENE WATCHES  
FROM THE SHADOWS.

THE WATCHER TAKES  
A PILL. HIS  
BRAIN PATTERN  
SHARPENS.

AND NOW SOMETHING  
SHOWS ON THE MAIN  
SCREEN. AN ARROW-  
FLIGHT OF SPACE SHIPS,  
FIVE OF THEM, IS  
FLASHING DOWN TOWARDS  
THE STATION.

THE WATCHER PRESSES  
A BUTTON)

WATCHER: Identify.

COMPUTER: The approaching craft are Sontaran battle cruisers. Their intention is hostile.

WATCHER: Operate the defence.

(HIS BODY ARCHES AND HE GIVES A CHOKED CRY BEFORE SLUMPING FORWARD, HIS FACE LIVIDLY CYANOSED.)

CHESSENE REMOVES HER GAS-INJECTOR FROM HIS NECK)

COMPUTER: Please complete your last instruction.

CHESSENE: The last instruction is cancelled. Maintain normal surveillance.

COMPUTER: Normal surveillance.

(CHESSENE LOOKS AT THE SCANNER.)

THE ARROW-FLIGHT IS STILL RACING ACROSS THE SCREEN, APPRECIABLY NEARER NOW)

CHESSENE: Open all docking bays.

(SHE GIVES A FAINT SMILE AND SMOOTHES DOWN HER GOWN BEFORE GOING PRIMLY FROM THE ROOM.)

THE DUTY WATCHER FALLS FROM HIS CHAIR)

TELECINE 2:

Ext. River. Day.

THE DOCTOR (BAKER),  
is fishing.

PERI, frowning with  
boredom, watching.  
The Tardis can be  
seen in background.

PERI gives a sigh  
and tosses a pebble  
into the water.

THE DOCTOR: Don't do that!  
You'll frighten the fish.

PERI: What fish? I'm  
bored, Doctor. We've been  
here hours.

THE DOCTOR: I think it was  
Rassilon who once said there  
are few ways in which a  
Time Lord can be more  
innocently employed than  
in catching fish.

PERI: That's a whopper!

THE DOCTOR: Where? I  
don't see it.

PERI: It was Doctor  
Johnson who said that  
about money.

THE DOCTOR: What's the use  
of a good quotation if you  
can't change it?

PERI: Anyway, you're not innocently employed in catching fish, are you?

THE DOCTOR: They're just lazy today. Any angler will tell you there are times when nothing will tempt them.

PERI: (DISBELIEF) That so?

THE DOCTOR: The last time I fished this particular stretch I landed four magnificent gumblejack in less than ten minutes.

PERI: Gumblejack?

THE DOCTOR: The finest fish in this galaxy - probably in the universe. Cleaned and skinned and quickly pan-fried in their own juices until they're golden brown. Ambrosia steeped in nectar, Peri. The flavour is unforgettable. Hello! I've got a bite.

PERI: At last.

THE DOCTOR: Steady now. Give him his head ... Where's the creel?

PERI: You're standing on it.

THE DOCTOR: Ah, yes ... My word, he's putting up a fight, this fellow. Get ready with the gaff, Peri.

PERI: I'm not sticking that thing in a poor little fish!

THE DOCTOR: Not so little, Peri. Not so little at all. By the feel of it, this might be a record.

He hauls out a glittering silver minnow.

PERI: Wow, Doctor! That must weigh very nearly an ounce!

THE DOCTOR: Did you see the one that got away? That enormous gumblejack trying to swallow this little fellow?

He restores the minnow to the water.

END TELECINE 2.

7. INT. DASTARI'S OFFICE.

(DASTARI SMOOTHERS  
ANOTHER YAWN)

DASTARI: Even if I wanted to, Doctor, I have no authority to order Professors Kartz and Reimer to abandon their work.

THE DOCTOR: Of course you have. You sanction all the experiments on this station.

DASTARI: And what reason would I give? That the Time Lords have expressed concern?

THE DOCTOR: Our monitors have already detected ripples of up to point four on the Bocca Scale. Anything much higher could threaten the whole fabric of time.

DASTARI: They are well aware of the dangers, Doctor. They're responsible scientists.

THE DOCTOR: They're irresponsible meddlers.

DASTARI: Aren't you being a little ingenuous, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: What?

DASTARI: Hasn't it occurred to you that the Time Lords have a vested interested in insuring that others do not discover their secrets?

THE DOCTOR: I'm sure that's not the case.

DASTARI: I gather your own machine is no longer in the station. Isn't that because you didn't want Kartz and Reimer to get a look at it?

THE DOCTOR: Look, I've a suggestion. Stop these experiments for the time Being while my people study their work. If Kartz and Reimer are really on safe lines I'm sure they'll be allowed to continue.

DASTARI: Allowed to continue?

THE DOCTOR: I mean there would be no further objection.

DASTARI: In the first place I have no authority to ask Kartz and Reimer to submit their work for analysis. And in the second place, the Time Lords have no right to make such a grossly unethical demand. I've never heard such unmitigated arrogance!

THE DOCTOR: And I've never heard such specious claptrap! Don't prate to me about ethics! The balance of the space-time continuum could be destroyed by your ham-fisted numskulls!

(DASTARI SINKS BACK WEARILY)

DASTARI: I don't feel there is anything to be gained by prolonging this discussion, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Dastari, you have more letters after your name than anyone I know - enough for two alphabets. How is it you can be such a purblind, stubborn, irrational - and thoroughly objectionable - old idiot?

(SWINGING ROUND IN HIS BURST OF RAGE, THE DOCTOR SEES JAMIE SMILING)

And what are you simpering about, you hyperborean ninny?

JAMIE: I was just admiring your diplomatic skills, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Pah! (cont ...)

(SWINGING BACK, HE SEES THAT DASTARI IS NOW SLUMPED OVER HIS DESK)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Dastari!

JAMIE: He's got his heed doon, Doctor, and I canna say I blame him.

THE DOCTOR: I'll thank you not to speak in that appalling mongrel dialect, my boy.

(HE SHAKES  
DASTARI'S SHOULDER)

JAMIE: I mean he's gone to sleep.

THE DOCTOR: He's nae asleep - not asleep.  
(STUDIES DASTARI) He's drugged!

JAMIE: He's what?

THE DOCTOR: Listen!

(DISTANTLY, BURSTS  
OF GUNFIRE, SCREAMS  
OF PANIC, INCOHERENT  
CRIES)

JAMIE: What's that?

THE DOCTOR: (GLOOMY  
RESIGNATION) I'd have thought a Jacobite would recognise that sound, Jamie. The thunder of the captains and the shouting ...

(HE GOES TOWARDS  
THE DOOR. AS HE  
DOES SO IT OPENS  
AND A PANICKING  
SCIENTIST BURSTS  
IN)

SCIENTIST: Professor -

(A BLAST FROM  
THE CORRIDOR  
CUTS HIM DOWN.

THE DOCTOR  
STOOPS OVER  
HIS BODY, THEN  
LOOKS THROUGH  
THE DOOR.

ON HIS FACE  
IN C.U.)

THE DOCTOR: Run, Jamie?

JAMIE: Doctor -

THE DOCTOR: Run, I say!  
Save yourself!

(JAMIE EXITS BY  
THE INNER DOOR.

THE DOCTOR'S GAZE  
PANS UPWARDS AS  
HE WATCHES HIS  
APPROACHING  
NEMESIS. HE COMES  
SLOWLY TO HIS  
FEET.

A BIFURCATED HAND  
PUSHES A GUN  
THROUGH THE DOOR-  
WAY, POINTING AT  
THE DOCTOR'S  
CHEST.

HE RAISES HIS  
ARMS IN SURRENDER)

8. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR (BAKER),  
PACKING HIS FISHING  
TACKLE)

THE DOCTOR: We'll try our  
luck in the Great Lakes of  
Pandatorea.

PERI: Must we?

THE DOCTOR: You've never  
seen such fish. As for  
the Pandatorean conger -  
it's longer than your  
railway trains.

PERI: I don't think I  
wish to know. What's all  
this fishing stuff, anyway?

THE DOCTOR: It's restful.  
Relaxing. I think I've  
been overdoing things. I  
haven't felt at all myself  
lately.

PERI: I don't know which  
is yourself.

THE DOCTOR: Exactly. This  
regeneration doesn't seem  
to be one hundred per cent  
yet.

(HE STUMBLES)

PERI: Doctor! (cont ...)

(THE DOCTOR  
CLUTCHES AT  
HIS THROAT)

PERI: (cont) Doctor,  
what's wrong?

(HE FALLS, CHOKING,  
HIS FACE CONTORTED)

- 1/29 -

9. INT. COMPUTER ROOM.

(C.U. OF THE DOCTOR,  
(TROUGHTON) SCREAMING  
IN AGONY, HIS  
CONTORTED FEATURES  
ETCHED IN BLUE FIRE.

WE IMAGINE THE  
SCREAM BECAUSE  
THE DOCTOR IS  
IMPRISONED IN A  
TRANSPARENT CYLINDER  
FROM WHICH NO SOUND  
EMERGES.

AS THE CAMERA PULLS  
BACK WE SEE HIS  
WHOLE BODY SHUDDERING  
UNDER THE IMPACT OF  
THE VIOLENT BLUE  
LIGHTNING.

THE MOVE BACK  
BRINGS INTO FG.

THE BIFIGURATED HAND  
WE SAW IN SCENE  
SEVEN.

IT SLOWLY MOVES A  
LEVER THROUGH A  
QUADRANT AND  
THE DOCTOR'S TORTURE  
INCREASES IN INTENSITY)

10. INT. PASSAGE.

(JAMIE, TIP-TOED  
ON A CONDUIT, IS  
STARING HELPLESSLY  
THROUGH A GRILLE  
INTO THE COMPUTER  
ROOM)

JAMIE: Doctor ...

(SHOCKEYE STEPS FROM  
AN INTERSECTION AND  
SEES JAMIE.

HE PUTS DOWN THE  
HAMPER HE IS  
CARRYING AND  
APPROACHES STEALTHILY.

JAMIE SOMEHOW  
SCENTS THE DANGER.

HE JUMPS DOWN FROM  
THE CONDUIT AND  
GRABS HIS SKEIN DHU,  
BACKING AWAY AS  
SHOCKEYE COMES ON)

SHOCKEYE: Whoa, there ...  
steady now ...

(JAMIE WEAVES, CIRCLING)

Quiet, boy ... Easy. Shockeye  
won't hurt you. (cont ...)

- 1/31 -

(SHOCKEYE MAKES A  
GRAB.

JAMIE SLASHES AT  
THE ARM.

SHOCKEYE JUMPS BACK)

SHOCKEYE: (cont) Oh, we are  
wild, aren't we?

(CHESSENE COMES INTO  
THE PASSAGE BEHIND  
HIM)

CHESSENE: Shockeye, why aren't  
you on the ship?

SHOCKEYE: I was just collecting  
some provisions, madam.

CHESSENE: The ship is fully  
stocked.

(SHOCKEYE INDICATES  
THE HAMPER)

SHOCKEYE: But the standard  
rations are so boring. These  
are a few special things for  
the journey. A cold collation  
I prepared ... (cont ...)

(JAMIE HAS BEEN  
EDGING AWAY.

NOW HE SEIZES HIS  
CHANCE AND RUNS.

SHOCKEYE STARES  
AFTER HIM REGRETFULLY)

SHOCKEYE: (cont) The Tellurian's escaped.

CHESSENE: Stike will leave nothing alive here.

SHOCKEYE: But such a waste, madam.

CHESSENE: Take the hamper. We must go.

SHOCKEYE: Have you decided on our destination?

CHESSENE: It's unimportant.

SHOCKEYE: Earth?

CHESSENE: If you wish. But why Earth?

(SHOCKEYE GLANCES AFTER THE VANISHED JAMIE)

SHOCKEYE: I have a desire to taste one of these human beasts, madam. The meat looks so white and roundsomely layered on the bone - a sure sign of a tasty animal.

CHESSENE: You think of nothing but your stomach, Shockeye.

SHOCKEYE: The gratification of pleasure is the sole motive of action. Is that not our law?

CHESSENE: I still accept it.  
But there are pleasures other  
than the purely sensual.

SHOCKEYE: For you, perhaps.  
Fortunately, I have not been  
augmented.

CHESSENE: (GLARES) Take care!  
Your purity could easily become  
insufferable.

SHOCKEYE: These days you no  
longer use your karm name, do  
you - Chessene o' the Franzine  
Grig?

CHESSENE: Do you think that for  
one moment I forget that I bear  
the sacred blood o' the Franzine  
Grig? But that noble history  
lies behind me while ahead -  
ahead lies a vision.

(SHOCKEYE LOOKS AT  
HER AND DECIDES NOT  
TO ARGUE.)

HE PICKS UP THE  
HAMPER)

11. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR (BAKER)  
COMING ROUND.

PERI IS BENT OVER  
HIM ANXIOUSLY)

PERI: Doctor - are you all right?

THE DOCTOR: Of course I'm not  
all right! What happened?

PERI: I think you fainted.

THE DOCTOR: I never faint. No,  
I remember now - I felt a weakness...

(PERI HELPS HIM  
UP. HE SWAYS)

I felt a weakness and then I - I  
was in another place ...

PERI: Can I get you anything?  
You ought to carry your celery.

THE DOCTOR: Celery, yes! And  
the tensile strength of jelly  
babies. But I had a clarinet.  
Or was it a flute? It was  
something I blew into.

PERI: A glass of water?

THE DOCTOR: Water? I don't think so. No, it was a recorder! (SUDDEN THOUGHT) That's what it was. Some kind of mind-lock.

PERI: Doctor, you're not making sense.

THE DOCTOR: I'm making perfect sense. I was being put to death.

PERI: I think you should sit down.

THE DOCTOR: Sit down? The Sontarans are executing me! Except ... it wasn't that way. It didn't end like that. So it's not possible.

PERI: What isn't possible?

THE DOCTOR: I exist. I am here. Now. Therefore I cannot have been killed. That is irrefutable logic, isn't it?

PERI: Don't worry about it.

THE DOCTOR: But the there and then subsumes the here and now, doesn't it? So if I was killed then I must only exist now as a temporal tautology. That also is irrefutable.

PERI: Circular logic will only make you dizzy, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: The most likely explanation, of course, is that I've not synchronised properly yet ... some kind of time-slip in the subconscious.

PERI: Perhaps you should see a doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Are you trying to be funny?

PERI: It was just a suggestion.

THE DOCTOR: No, come to think of it, that's not a bad idea.

(HE PULLS OUT  
A LONG SNAKE  
OF ABOUT A  
HUNDRED VISITING  
CARDS AND RIFLES  
THROUGH THEM)

Archimedes ... fascinating chap ... Isambard Brunel ... Columbus ... Dante, Da Vinci ... Ah! Dastari! Joinson Dastari, Head of Projects, Space Station Camera, Third Zone. That's him!

PERI: Who?

THE DOCTOR: Dastari. The pioneer of genetic engineering.

(HE STARTS SETTING  
THE CONTROLS)

It'll be worth the trip, anyway.  
(cont ...)

- 1/37 -

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Dastari's people are doing some fascinating work on rho mesons as the unstable factor in pin galaxies.

PERI: I can hardly wait. What are pin galaxies?

THE DOCTOR: Oh, they're galaxies within the universe of the atom. Difficult to study because they only exist for about one atto-second.

PERI: I've no idea what that means, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: It means you have to be quick. An atto-second is a quintillionth of a second. Here we go.

(HE PRESSES A CONTROL AND THE COLUMN STARTS TO OSCILLATE.)

PERI HOLDS THE CONSOLE)

You know, that was a good idea of mine, wasn't it?

PERI: What?

THE DOCTOR: Getting some medical help.

(PERI LOOKS AT HIM)

12. INT. PASSAGE.

( SEMI-DARK.

VERY SILENT.

JUST THE ODD  
WHEEZE FROM THE  
HYDRAULICS OR THE  
DISTANT METALLIC  
PING OF SPACE  
DEBRIS STRIKING  
THE HULL.

CAMERA TRACKS THROUGH  
THE GHOSTLY STILLNESS  
NOTING THE OCCASIONAL  
LASER BURN ON THE  
METAL BULKHEADS AND,  
ONCE, A BLOOD-SMEARED  
LAB JACKET ON THE  
FLOOR)

13. INT. KITCHEN AREA.

(TRACK IN.

AGAIN SEMI-DARK  
AND ABANDONED.

SHOCKEYE'S UTENSILS  
STILL ON THE WORK  
SURFACES.

AND NOW, FAINTLY,  
AN EERIE SOBBING  
CAN BE HEARD.

A LOST SOUL IN  
TORMENT.

WE PAN TO AN AIR-DUCT  
AND THE CHOKED,  
BITTER CRYING ECHOES  
LOUDER UP THE SHAFT )

TELECINE 3:

Ext. Deep Space.  
(Model Shot)

The Space Station as  
established in  
Telecine One.

Only now no light  
spills from its  
bays and portholes.

It hangs in space,  
deserted and lifeless.

END TELECINE 3.

14. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

(PERI AND THE DOCTOR  
STUDY THE SPACE  
STATION ON THEIR  
SCANNER)

PERI: Is that it?

THE DOCTOR: Strange. Perhaps  
they've had a power cut. Either  
that or the Androgums are on  
strike.

PERI: What are Androgums?

THE DOCTOR: They were the original  
inhabitants in this part of the  
galaxy. You might compare them  
with Australopithecus. Third  
Zoners use them to do most of  
the manual work.

PERI: That seems hard on the  
poor Androgums.

THE DOCTOR: They've had a million  
years to get used to it. You  
know, Peri, I have a feeling ...

PERI: That something's wrong?  
So do I.

- 1/42 -

THE DOCTOR: It looks almost  
derelict. Oh, well. Let's  
go in.

(HE TOUCHES THE  
CONTROL PANEL)

15. INT. KITCHEN AREA.

(THE TARDIS MATERIALISES  
IN THE SAME SPOT AS  
SCENE 2.

THE DOCTOR AND PERI  
EMERGE.

PERI CHOKES, CLASPS  
HER MOUTH)

PERI: Oh, Doctor, it's foul!  
Are you sure it's safe?

THE DOCTOR: Plenty of oxygen.

PERI: But that awful smell!

THE DOCTOR: (LOOKING ROUND)  
Mainly decaying food ... and  
corpses.

PERI: Corpses?

THE DOCTOR: That is the smell of  
death, Peri. Ancient musk heavy  
in the air. Fruit-soft flesh  
peeling from white bones. The  
unholy unburiable smell of Verdun  
and Passchendaele and Armageddon.  
There's nothing quite so evocative  
as one's sense of smell, is there?

PERI: I feel sick.

THE DOCTOR: I think you'll feel  
sicker before we're finished here.

(HE MOVES OUT INTO A  
PASSAGE. PERI  
FOLLOWS RELUCTANTLY)

16. INT. PASSAGE.

(THE DOCTOR ADVANCES,  
STUDYING HIS  
SURROUNDINGS KEENLY)

THE DOCTOR: Laser-bolt there,  
d'you see? And there again.  
There was obviously quite a  
fight.

PERI: Look!

(SHE POINTS TO THE  
DISCARDED JACKET  
OF SCENE 12.)

THE DOCTOR STOOPS  
AND EXAMINES IT)

THE DOCTOR: It must have happened  
fairly recently, too, or the air  
would have cleared.

PERI: Do you think we should  
go any further?

THE DOCTOR: What?

PERI: Well, if there's nobody  
left alive ... I mean there's  
nothing we can do now, is there?

THE DOCTOR: I must find out  
what happened. Go back to the  
Tardis if you like.

PERI: No, I'll stay with you.

(THE DOCTOR AND PERI  
MOVE ON, CAREFUL IN  
THE HALF-DARKNESS)

THE DOCTOR: When we first saw  
this station I thought of comet-  
strike or some such natural  
disaster. But it's been  
deliberately destroyed! What  
kind of monsters could have  
wanted to stop the brilliant  
work that was being done here?  
Pure research for its own sake.  
It threatened no-one.

COMPUTER: It threatened the  
Time Lords!

(THEY STOP AND STARE  
ROUND.)

THEN THE DOCTOR  
POINTS TO A SIEVE-LIKE  
APERTURE IN THE WALL)

THE DOCTOR: Would you care to  
repeat that?

COMPUTER: It threatened the  
Time Lords.

THE DOCTOR: And what put that  
idea into your apology for a  
brain?

COMPUTER: Return to your ship  
and leave.

THE DOCTOR: Certainly not.

COMPUTER: Then this station  
will switch to defence alert.

THE DOCTOR: I will not be threatened by a computer!  
And put some lights on!

(SILENCE)

PERI: How do you know it's a computer?

THE DOCTOR: Great heavens, girl, I know a computer when I talk to one. Come on.

PERI: What did it mean - defence alert?

THE DOCTOR: Oh, the usual rubbish, I suppose - floor trips, electronic sensors, death rays, jets of nerve gas - nothing to worry about.

PERI: Oh, good. I was afraid it might mean something serious.

THE DOCTOR: Just as long as we keep our wits about us -

PERI: What's that noise?

(THEY LISTEN.

A HISS OF AIR)

THE DOCTOR: It's depressurising this section. We'd better get out.

(HE PRESSES A ON A  
DOOR BUTTON.  
NOTHING HAPPENS)

No power, of course.

PERI: It's getting colder.

THE DOCTOR: Well, it will. But we'll die from lack of air before we freeze to death.

(HE TRIES ANOTHER DOOR.)

PERI IS ALREADY HAVING TROUBLE BREATHING)

PERI: How long ...?

THE DOCTOR: Not many minutes. We've got to get out of this passage ... Ah! I thought there'd be one.

(HIS SEARCH AROUND THE DOOR HAS REVEALED A SMALL FLUSH PANEL.)

HE OPENS IT AND TAKES OUT A WINDING HANDLE LIKE THAT OF A CAR JACK. HE SLOTS IT INTO POSITION AND WINDS IT ROUND)

PERI: Clever. But nothing's happening.

(SHE SLUMPS TIREDLY BACK AGAINST THE WALL.)

THE DOCTOR IS HAVING TROUBLE STAYING ON HIS FEET. HE SWAYS DRUNKENLY AND HIS PUMPING OF THE HANDLE BECOMES SLOWER)

THE DOCTOR: Have to ... build ...  
hydraulic pressure ...

(PERI COLLAPSES,  
SLIDING DOWN THE  
WALL TO A HEAP ON  
THE FLOOR.

THE DOCTOR SCARCELY  
SPARES HER A GLANCE.  
HE PUMPS ON DOGGEDLY.

SUDDENLY THE DOOR  
STARTS TO SLIDE  
OPEN. THERE IS A  
WHOOSH OF AIR AS  
THE PASSAGE RE-PRESSURISES.

THE DOCTOR STOOPS AND  
DRAGS PERI THROUGH  
THE DOOR)

TELECINE 4:

Ext. Hacienda. Day.

An old olive plantation,  
unkempt and overgrown.

The house is large and  
must once have been  
imposing. Now it looks  
lifeless. The stucco  
is peeling and the  
rotting window shutters  
sag on broken hinges.

CHESSENE, SHOCKEYE and  
VARL, a Sontaran, come  
into the unweeded  
courtyard and stand  
looking at the house.

CHESSENE: Excellent.

VARL: A silicon dioxide structure.  
Unsuitable for defence.

CHESSENE: I detect only one  
occupant. A female.

SHOCKEYE: Don't use the gas-  
injector, madam. They give the  
flesh an acrid taste. I'll  
slaughter it myself.

CHESSENE: It might not be  
edible, Shockeye. I detect  
great age. Come.

They move towards  
the house.

END TELECINE 4.

17. INT. DASTARI'S STUDY.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
REVIVING PERI)

THE DOCTOR: Feeling better?

PERI: Thanks ... Where are we?

THE DOCTOR: Dastari's office.

PERI: How do you know?

(THE DOCTOR POINTS  
TO THE OLD, BATTERED  
DESK)

THE DOCTOR: He liked old, familiar things around him. He worked out the famous Theory of Parallel Matter at that desk. And using pen and ink. He detested computers.

PERI: You speak as though you're sure he's dead.

THE DOCTOR: (SOMBERLY) They're all dead, Peri. Forty of the finest scientific minds ever assembled in one place. I find the barbarity of such a deed scarcely conceivable.

PERI: Were they a threat to the Time Lords?

THE DOCTOR: Absolute rubbish. This institute was never a threat to anybody. Its only purpose was to add to the sum total of knowledge.

PERI: Then why did the computer -

THE DOCTOR: I don't know yet!  
Programmed to say that, presumably.

(THE ROOM LIGHTENS  
AS THOUGH A RHEOSTAT  
HAS BEEN TURNED)

PERI: What's that for?

THE DOCTOR: Switching to visual.  
It must have lost track of us.

PERI: I don't see any lenses.

THE DOCTOR: There'll be an electronic  
eye somewhere. Do you notice the  
floor?

PERI: What about it?

THE DOCTOR: Cork insulation and a  
carpet.

PERI: So your friend liked to be  
comfortable even in space.

THE DOCTOR: That computer has been  
tracking us by the heat of our feet.  
In here it couldn't detect us.

PERI: You mean it got worried and  
turned the lights on?

THE DOCTOR: Something like that.  
I wonder what it'll try next?

PERI: You don't think it might just  
leave us alone?

THE DOCTOR: Most unlikely. Think of it as a game between it and us.

PERI: Doctor, I enjoy games. Tennis, hockey, lacrosse ... Games where I'm not expecting to end up dead! Are you listening?

THE DOCTOR: Yes. My word, they were doing some incredible work here. This is Dastari's day-journal.

PERI: You've told me all I want to know about pin galaxies.

THE DOCTOR: Some people called Kartz and Reimer were having some success, it appears, with ... with experiments in time control.

PERI: Well, you can already do that.

THE DOCTOR: We can, yes. But I didn't think the Third Zoners were that close to the breakthrough.

(C.U. HIS FACE)

PERI: (V.O.) Something wrong?

THE DOCTOR: This last entry. It reads, 'The Time Lords are demanding that Kartz and Reimer suspend their work, alleging their experiments are imperilling the continuum. No proof was offered to support this charge so I rejected the demand. Colleagues fear they may forcibly intervene. All agreed that we must stand firm and refuse to be intimidated.'

PERI: So it was the Time Lords.

THE DOCTOR: It's not possible! No matter how dangerous the experiments were they'd have found some other way of halting them. Not this massacre.

PERI: Maybe they couldn't find another way.

THE DOCTOR: No, it's unbelievable that they could commit an atrocity like this! The use of force is alien to Time Lord nature.

PERI: Perhaps they felt the ends justified the means. Isn't that always the excuse for something really bad?

(THE DOCTOR PACES  
IN DISTRESS)

THE DOCTOR: I won't believe it! There must be some other explanation.

PERI: Maybe someone's setting the Time Lords up.

(THE DOCTOR STARES  
AT HER)

THE DOCTOR: Setting up?

(REALISES WHAT SHE  
MEANS)

Oh, yes ... of course. (HE THEN SMILES) Sometimes you make surprisingly shrewd remarks, Peri. Yes, it could be a crude attempt to drive a wedge between Gallifrey and the Third Zone governments.

PERI: Who'd benefit from that?

THE DOCTOR: I don't know yet. But I intend to find out.

PERI: If we get out of here alive.

THE DOCTOR: Ah, yes, I was forgetting for the moment. We still have to deal with this homicidal computer.

PERI: It's getting awfully hot and stuffy in here.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, I wondered when you'd notice that. Having failed to freeze us it's trying to bake us. It seems to be a machine with a distinctly limited repertoire.

PERI: Who needs anything fancy? Doctor, we've got to get out of here!

THE DOCTOR: We have to do more than that. We have to get to the central control area and turn the thing off.

PERI: And how do we do that without getting zapped on the way?

THE DOCTOR: We need to start by finding a way down into the infrastructure. Then we can work our way across. It'll be a bit cramped, no doubt, but much safer than staying in these walkways.

(HE IS RUMMAGING  
THROUGH THE DRAWERS  
OF THE DESK AS HE  
TALKS)

Not so much as an old paper clip! You'd think a man like Dastari would keep a few useful odds and ends ...

(PERI WIPES HER FACE)

PERI: Doctor, it's absolutely stifling now!

THE DOCTOR: Yes, getting uncomfortable ...

(HE STUDIES THE INNER DOOR THOUGHTFULLY. HE REMOVES THE PLATE OVER THE LOCKING MECHANISM AND PEERS INTO THE WORKS)

As I thought, I could trip this with a bit of wire.

PERI: What are you trying to do?

THE DOCTOR: Save us from death by dehydration. The computer's been forced to turn the power on again but it hasn't energised the door mechanisms. There must be something I can use ...

(HE STARES ROUND THE ROOM.

SUDDENLY NOTICES THE GLEAMING MOBILE SCULPTURE ON DASTARI'S DESK)

Ah! (cont ...)

(HE BREAKS THE MOBILE UP. IT GIVES HIM SEVERAL LENGTHS OF WIRE. HE STRAIGHTENS ONE AND GOES BACK TO THE DOOR. HE TINKERS ABOUT INSIDE THE LOCKING MECHANISM.

SUDDENLY THERE IS A BANG AND A FLASH AND A PUFF OF SMOKE INSIDE THE DOOR PANEL.

THE DOCTOR JUMPS  
BACK, SUCKING HIS  
FINGERS.

HE PUSHES THE  
DOOR AND IT  
SLIDES OPEN)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Voila! I knew  
that sort of art had to have some  
purpose. Are you all right?

(PERI NODS)

Come on. We've a lot to do.

18. INT. KITCHEN AREA.

(THE DOCTOR CROSSES  
TO THE AIR DUCT  
ESTABLISHED IN  
SCENE 13)

THE DOCTOR: This looks big enough  
to get down.

(HE PICKS UP ONE  
OF THE KITCHEN  
TOOLS AND BEGINS  
PRISING THE MESH  
OFF THE AIR DUCT.

PERI LOOKS LONGINGLY  
AT THE TARDIS)

PERI: Can't we just take off?

THE DOCTOR: Not until we know the  
full story of what happened here.

(PERI SEES A BODY  
PARTLY UNDER A  
BENCH. SHE GIVES  
A LITTLE GASP)

PERI: Doctor, look!

(THE DOCTOR GLANCES  
OVER BRIEFLY)

THE DOCTOR: We haven't time to  
bother about dead Androgums, Peri.

PERI: How do you know he's an  
Androgum?

THE DOCTOR: Brow ridge.

(HE GETS THE MESH  
OFF AND PEERS IN)

Shouldn't be too far down. You  
first, Peri.

(HE HELPS HER INTO  
THE DUCT)

Keep your arms over your head  
and just slide.

PERI: What happens if I get stuck?

THE DOCTOR: I shouldn't do that.  
I'm coming behind you.

(PERI GIVES HIM A  
SOUR LOOK AND  
DISAPPEARS.)

THE DOCTOR CLIMBS  
INTO THE DUCT. HE  
HANGS FOR A MOMENT  
AND THEN SLIPS FROM  
VIEW)

19. INT. INFRASTRUCTURE.

(A DARK FOREST OF  
METAL STRUTTING.  
PIPES AND CONDUITS  
SNAKE IN ALL  
DIRECTIONS.

THE DOCTOR RUBS  
HIS KNEES RUEFULLY)

THE DOCTOR: That was a bit further  
than I expected.

PERI: Coming down's all right.  
How do we ever get up again?

THE DOCTOR: There'll be service  
hatches.

(HE GETS TO HIS  
FEET AND BANGS  
HIS HEAD)

PERI: You said it would be cramped.

THE DOCTOR: Thanks for reminding  
me. This way, I think.

PERI: How can you tell?

THE DOCTOR: Well, apart from  
possessing an unerring sense of  
direction, I notice all the service  
ducts run this way. And they must  
feed the central control room.  
Follow me. (cont ...)

(ANOTHER PART OF  
THE INFRASTRUCTURE.

THE DOCTOR AND PERI  
CAN BE HEARD  
CLAMBERING ACROSS  
THE GIRDERS)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) (V.O.) All  
right, Peri?

PERI: (V.O.) Oh, sure! I can't  
remember when I last had so much  
fun.

(SOMETHING MOVES. A  
BLACK SHAPE CROUCHING  
BACK AS THE DOCTOR  
AND PERI DRAW NEARER.

THERE IS A LOW,  
FERAL GROWL FROM  
THE DARKNESS.

THEN THE THING,  
WHATEVER IT IS,  
MELTS AWAY)

20. INT. HACIENDA.

(THE DONA ARANA  
IS A VERY OLD LADY,  
OLD AND FRAIL, IN  
AN ANCIENT BLACK  
MANTILLA.

SHE IS KNEELING AT  
A SHRINE IN THE  
BACK OF THE HOUSE.  
SHE FINISHES HER  
DEVOTIONS AND PLACES  
A SINGLE ROSE ON  
THE PLINTH AT THE  
FEET OF THE VIRGIN.

SHE RISES AND COMES  
BACK THROUGH THE  
HOUSE, OCCASIONALLY  
FEELING FOR A STEP  
WITH HER STICK. WE  
REALISE THAT SHE  
IS BLIND.

SHE POKE'S HER STICK  
FORWARD AGAIN AND  
ENCOUNTERS SHOCKEYE'S  
LEGS. SHE STOPS,  
SURPRISED BY THIS  
OBSTACLE. SHE  
MOVES FORWARD CAREFULLY  
AND PUTS OUT A HAND)

DONA ARANA: (IN SPANISH) What is  
that?

SHOCKEYE: It can't see.

(THE DONA TOUCHES  
SHOCKEYE'S CHEST)

DONA ARANA: You are English? Who  
is there?

(SHOCKEYE SNAPS HER  
NECK WITH ONE  
QUICK MOVEMENT)

SHOCKEYE: The creature's bones are  
dry and brittle.

(CHESSENE COMES  
FORWARD AND LOOKS  
AT THE BODY)

CHESSENE: I sensed it was very old.  
But its mind will be of use. Bring  
it through.

(SHE WALKS OFF.  
SHOCKEYE LOOKS  
AT THE SONTARAN)

SHOCKEYE: You carry it, Varl.

VARL: I don't take orders from  
civilians.

(HE FOLLOWS CHESSENE.)

SHOCKEYE SCOWLS  
AFTER HIM. THEN  
HE BENDS TO PICK  
UP THE BODY)

21. INT. INFRASTRUCTURE.

(THE DOCTOR DRAGS  
HIMSELF UP ON ONE  
OF THE CROSS STRUTS)

THE DOCTOR: Here, give me your hand.

(HE HELPS PERI  
UP BESIDE HIM)

PERI: It would be easier if we could see.

THE DOCTOR: Can't be much further.

PERI: Just far enough to lose the skin off another leg. What is all this stuff, anyway?

THE DOCTOR: Fluidic streams. Interesting application of an old idea. I think I detect Dastari's hand in the design.

(WITH THE KITCHEN  
KNIFE HE STRIPS  
THE LAGGING BACK  
FROM ONE OF THE  
CONDUITS TO REVEAL  
AN INNER CORE OF  
NARROW TUBES)

There you are, look.

(HE SLICES INTO  
ONE OF THE TUBES.  
A RED LIQUID OOZES  
OUT)

PERI: Should you have done that?

THE DOCTOR: They're self-sealing. This fluid carries a signal just as the signal in electronic circuits is carried by the flow of electrons. But the advantage of a fluidic device is that -

PERI: Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: - cold, heat, radiation, vibration, etcetera, don't disturb it in the way that might an electrical device. What is it?

PERI: I thought I heard something. I was trying to listen but you went on talking!

THE DOCTOR: I was imparting a little knowledge. When you ask a question you should pay attention to the answer, my girl. Otherwise you'll gain absolutely no benefit from being in my company.

PERI: No benefit? Doctor, I can't tell you how I appreciate being frozen, asphyxiated, half-cooked and then forced to crawl through miles of pipes.

THE DOCTOR: Well, that's good. Because we have about another mile to go. Come on.

PERI: Listen!

THE DOCTOR: What?

PERI: I heard it again. Doctor, there's something down here with us.

THE DOCTOR: That's impossible.  
You're imagining it.

PERI: I tell you I'm certain I  
heard something.

THE DOCTOR: Hydraulics.

PERI: What?

THE DOCTOR: Some of these pumping  
systems are showing their age.  
You can expect the odd wheeze.  
Come on.

(PERI SHRUGS AT HIS  
OBDURACY AND FOLLOWS.  
BUT THEY ONLY MOVE  
A YARD OR SO WHEN  
THERE IS A LOW,  
VICIOUS SNARL FROM THE  
DARKNESS AHEAD.

THEY STOP.

PERI STANDS VERY  
CLOSE TO THE DOCTOR)

PERI: That is the fiercest pump  
I ever heard.

THE DOCTOR: There's something down  
here with us, Peri.

PERI: What are we going to do?

THE DOCTOR: We're going on. I think  
it's more frightened of us than we are  
of it.

PERI: Oh, really? In that case it  
must be a quaking heap.

THE DOCTOR: Anyway, nothing very big could survive down here. There can't be much to eat in the effluent channels.

PERI: But where's it come from? We're millions of miles out in space.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, that's easily explained. If they were working on animal genetics some small creature might well have escaped and found its way down here.

(AS THEY MOVE ON)

PERI: How small, Doctor? I mean really small, like a hedgehog?

(ON AN EYE, GLINTING  
IN THE DARKNESS,  
WATCHING THEM THROUGH  
A CHINK IN SOME  
METAL STRUCTURE)

22. INT. HALLWAY.

(CHESSENE ENTERS  
AND LOOKS AT  
SHOCKEYE.  
WHO IS SPRAWLED  
IN A CHAIR)

CHESSENE: Where is Varl?

SHOCKEYE: He is setting up a  
homing beacon for the Sontaran  
ship.

CHESSENE: We must tell Stike to  
make a discreet landing. This  
planet is greatly over-populated.

SHOCKEYE: By the time I leave it,  
madam, that may not be a problem.  
Did you learn much from the dead  
mind?

CHESSENE: No, it was a puny  
thing. This region of the planet is  
called Andalucia. We are four  
kilometres from the city of  
Seville.

SHOCKEYE: And is the eating  
there?

CHESSENE: The Dona Arana had  
little interest in food. Her mind  
was full of her religion.

SHOCKEYE: Religion? I am not  
interested in belief of primitives.  
Only in what they taste like.

CHESSENE: In some ways, Shockeye o' the Quawncing Grig, you are a complete primitive yourself.

SHOCKEYE: You say that, Chessene, only because of the foreign, alien filth Dastari injected into you. But come what may, you are an Androgum. Never lose sight of your horizons.

(THEY GLARE AT  
EACH OTHER FOR A  
MOMENT.)

THEN CHESSENE  
NODS)

CHESSENE: It is true. We are a race apart. Our differences lie in the blood and the bone. But we cannot continue with the old ways, Shockeye. We have new ways now of ... digesting our enemies.

23. INT. INFRASTRUCTURE.

(THE DOCTOR AND PERI  
COME TO A COLUMN  
OF TUBING.)

THE DOCTOR LOOKS  
AT IT WITH SATISFACTION)

THE DOCTOR: Here we are. We  
must be under the control centre  
now.

(HE STARTS TO UNFASTEN  
THE UNION NUTS ON SOME  
OF THE TUBES)

PERI: I just hope you know what  
you're doing.

THE DOCTOR: If I didn't I wouldn't  
be doing it! Do have a little  
faith.

PERI: It just looks very  
complicated.

THE DOCTOR: Not at all. These  
Type 49 systems are always  
coloured-coded. Defence mechanisms  
are red. Power supplies yellow  
and so on ...

(HE IS LOST NOW IN THE  
COLUMN OF TUBES)

All we have to do is disarm the  
computer and then, hopefully,  
we'll get some civil answers from  
the thing.

PERI: There's a ladder over here.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, I saw it. Leads to the control centre ... Blue? You know, I can't remember what blue stands for. Oh, well ...

(HEGOES ON WORKING  
BUSILY.

PERI CRANES TO  
SEE HIM)

PERI: Can I help?

THE DOCTOR: No, no, this is a job for the expert. You often find they booby-trapped these computers to prevent tampering. The Berberese Noose was a favourite.

PERI: What's that?

THE DOCTOR: The Berberese Noose? Very nasty. It leaves you without a head. I wish I could remember what these blue lines serve ...

TELECINE 5:

Ext. Hacienda. Day.

VARL stands in the courtyard searching the sky with the Sontaran version of field glasses.

His P.O.V.: a distant point of light tracing across the sky.

VARL lowers the glasses and returns to the house.

END TELECINE 5.

24. INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

(SHOCKEYE IS MOOCHING  
AROUND EXAMINING  
THINGS.)

HE GRINDS OUT SOME  
PEPPER AND SNIFFS  
IT. TASTES SOMETHING  
FROM A BOWL - SPITS  
IT OUT)

SHOCKEYE: Insipid muck!

(VARL ENTERS)

VARL: Our leader is in descent  
orbit.

SHOCKEYE: Our leader is Chessene o'  
the Franzine Grig.

VARL: Marshal Stike commands the  
Ninth Sontaran battle group!

SHOCKEYE: He doesn't command anything  
here, Varl. Chessene planned  
this operation.

VARL: You will see. We Sontarans  
lead. We never follow.

(HE TURNS ON HIS  
HEEL)

SHOCKEYE: Tell him to come in on  
full mufflers. That's an order  
from Chessene.

TELECINE 6:

Ext. Forest Land. Day.

OSCAR BOTCHERBY, dressed for a safari, carries a large butterfly net and his killing box.

He is with ANITA, a pretty local girl. They come to a faded sign in Spanish.

OSCAR: What does that say, Anita?

ANITA: Keep Out.

OSCAR: Oh, well, perhaps we had better.

ANITA: It doesn't matter, Oscar. It's a very old sign.

OSCAR: Yes, but -

ANITA: No-one lives on the hacienda now. Only the Dona Arana.

OSCAR: The Dona Arana?

ANITA: An old lady. Don Vincente Arana's widow. She never leaves the house.

OSCAR: Where is the house?

ANITA: Behind those trees. In the old days, when my mother worked for the Don, it was like a palace. Now it is falling down.

OSCAR: When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced/  
The rich-proud cost of out-worn buried age.

ANITA: This is the place. There always used to be hundreds of moths in this little wood.

OSCAR: Yes, it looks like splendid moth country. Of course, we're a little early. Moths are ladies of the night. Painted beauties sleeping all day and rising at sunset to whisper through the roseate dusk on gossamer wings of damask and silk.

ANITA: You really like them, don't you, Oscar?

OSCAR: I adore them.

ANITA: Then why do you kill them?

OSCAR: So that I can look at them.

He lights a lantern and sets it down on a tree stump.

ANITA: Isn't it a little early?

OSCAR: I like to be prepared.

ANITA: What's that for?

OSCAR: Moths to the flame, my dear. Then I net them and put them in my cyanide box.

ANITA: Cyanide? Isn't that terribly dangerous?

OSCAR: Not if one is careful. I've used cyanide since I was a boy. It's quicker and kinder to the little creatures than ammonia.

ANITA: And what do you do with the poor things when they're dead?

OSCAR: I mount them in my collection ...

He glances up at the sky from which can be heard a swelling rumble.

OSCAR: So that I can sit and admire them.

ANITA: Don't you have a television?

OSCAR: Get down!

They fling themselves flat as something roars low over the trees. The noise fades. They sit up.

OSCAR: I thought it was going to hit us.

ANITA: It landed over that way somewhere. We ought to go and see. Somebody might need help.

OSCAR: Oh, I do hope not! I can't bear the sight of gory entrails, except of course, on the stage.

STIKE and DASTARI  
are carrying the  
unconscious DOCTOR,  
(TROUGHTON), between  
them.

They carry him into  
the courtyard of the  
hacienda.

ANOTHER ANGLE:

ANITA and OSCAR come  
out of the trees on  
the hillside above.  
Looking down, they  
see THE DOCTOR  
being taken towards  
the house.

ANITA: It must have crashed.

OSCAR: Please, Anita, don't  
let's go any nearer. They  
might be suffering from  
hideous injuries.

ANITA: The Dona Arana won't  
be able to help them. And  
there's no telephone. We'll  
have to see if we can help.

ON OSCAR: He isn't  
pleased.

END TELECINE 6.

25. INT. INFRASTRUCTURE.

(PERI HAS TIRED OF  
WATCHING THE DOCTOR  
WHO IS STILL ENTANGLED  
IN THE COILS OF TUBING.

SHE MOVES OFF AND  
NOTICES, ON THE FLOOR  
IN A CORNER, SOME  
CURIOS ODDMENTS IN A  
LITTLE PILE. SOME  
RAGS. SOME WIRE. A  
METAL SCOOP. TWO  
GNAWED BONES. A  
STRANGE, EXOTIC FRUIT)

PERI: Doctor! Over here.

THE DOCTOR: (V.O.) What is  
it?

PERI: I don't know. Come  
and see.

(ON THE DOCTOR)

THE DOCTOR: In a minute.

(PERI KNEELS THE  
BETTER TO EXAMINE  
THE COLLECTION.

SOMETHING MOVES IN  
THE DARKNESS BEHIND  
HER.

ON THE DOCTOR)

There! I think that's just  
about done it ... (cont ...)

(ON PERI: A FIGURE SPRINGS FROM THE SHADOWS WITH A FEROCIOUS SNARL, CLAWING AT HER AND BEARING HER DOWN.

PERI SCREAMS.

ON THE DOCTOR: HE HEARS PERI'S SCREAM AND TURNS CARELESSLY)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Peri!

(HIS MOVEMENT SHATTERS A GLASS SIDE-JET. ACRID YELLOW GAS SPURTS OUT. THE DOCTOR CLUTCHES HIS THROAT AND FALLS.

PERI IS FIGHTING FOR HER LIFE IN THE DARKNESS.

HER ATTACKER REMAINS JUST A RAGGED, CLAWING SHAPE)

PERI: Help, Doctor! Help me ...

(ON THE DOCTOR, HANGING LIMPLY AMONG THE TANGLE OF SERVICE DUCTS)

SUPPOSE CAM

Closing  
Titles:

FADE OUT